



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

## BROWNING AND SAINTE-BEUVE.

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

---

LET me explain at once that the distinguished characters who give a title to this article had, so far as I am aware, no personal acquaintance with each other. I do not remember that either made even any reference to the other, for good or for evil. Nevertheless, there is a striking resemblance between their literary aims and achievements, and I have found the study of the two writers together most significant for the understanding of the age in which they lived.

It is, perhaps, rash to attempt to sum up a century in a single word. If we try to crowd human nature into our formulæ, it revenges itself by stultifying them. Yet there are certain key-notes which, broadly and wisely interpreted, seem to throw more light upon a special period than pages of analysis. Thus in the largest and best sense convention may be said to be the key-note of the eighteenth century, including in that term the reign of Louis XIV, with all that it implies, and excluding the last two or three decades and the French Revolution. Convention—the reasonable sense of practical limitations, degenerating for the unintelligent into an artificial standard—convention in thought, convention in social life, convention in political systems, convention in art, convention in literature—here we have the world of the *Grand Monarque*, the world of Locke, the world of Pope and Johnson and Goldsmith, the world of Horace Walpole.

Then the great, fruitful, Hegelian principle of progressive reaction asserts itself and the French Revolution, with all that precedes and follows, blows the rotten structure of convention into dust. We must seek a new word that will give us the key-note of the opening nineteenth century. Who can doubt that that word must be, nature? Shifting, varying, obscurely, blindly, failing at

one point and struggling onward at another, the nineteenth century in the main kept before it the desire to substitute nature, natural laws and natural impulses, for falsehood, for pretence, for artificiality, for convention.

At first this desire for nature was youthful, lyrical, imaginative. What was the French Revolution but a convulsive epic, as Carlyle has grandly shown it? What was the career of Napoleon but a lurid tragedy of *Æschylus* or *Marlowe*? What were the philosophies of *Fichte* and *Schelling* and *Hegel* but broad flames of the creative imagination? And the painting of *Turner* was nature as the world had never seen it before, nature interfused with dreams. And the novel of *Scott* and *Dumas* and *Hugo* was nature, human nature, let loose from *Richardson's* trim wig and sword and careering through the ages. And, above all, the return to nature in the early years of the nineteenth century was the carnival of poets. Prose might stumble after, as it could. The free, the joyous, the spontaneous expression of the age was rhythm and rhyme.

But the century grew older and somewhat distrustful of these raptures. Nature was the watchword still; but what if the lyrical imagination had betrayed nature? It had been loudly proclaimed that nature taught political equality and democracy, but democracy appeared to be a dubious success and equality both impracticable and absurd. German philosophy had deduced from nature a splendid, rainbow-colored pantheism, seductive, alluring, but to plain minds not altogether substantial. These personal outpourings of the poets—it was difficult to resist their intimate charm, but were they quite genuine? Was not poetry, anyway, a distorting medium, enticing, misleading, disguising? Nature, yes, but let us have just plain nature without literary gorgeousness, the humble, the simple, the reverent study of fact. For simple study is more reverent than the blatant, boisterous intrusion of our own temperament, our own interpretation. It was hardly possible that this protest should affect the political world at once, except in a marked change of attitude. But in the world of thought it meant the coming of the scientific spirit. The name of *Hegel* may be most typical of the intellectual life of the earlier nineteenth century. Assuredly that of the later will be more and more associated with the name of *Darwin*. Try all things, test all things, examine all things, not with arrogance or self-assertion, but with reverence

and humility. Above all, respect fact, for the most insignificant fact may be the key to the universe. There are no insignificant facts. Not in the natural sciences only, but in the historical, in every branch of thought and life, the Darwinian method, the Darwinian attitude made themselves supreme.

And here the poets were out of place. Plain prose was best for telling plain facts to plain people. Of course poetry did not disappear. It never can. But it withdrew, for the most part, into an "ivory tower" of its own, built a Palace of Art, busied itself with curious felicities of rhythm and remote analyses of thought, ceased to be the vital, the natural, the spontaneous language of mankind, as it had been before. The typical literary names of the last half of the nineteenth century are not even Tennyson and Gautier, certainly not Swinburne, or Rossetti, or Arnold, or the French Parnassians. They are the great novelists, English and French, who in simple, vigorous prose portrayed human character with all Darwin's searching love of fact and all his patient reverence for it—Thackeray, George Eliot, Hardy, Balzac, Flaubert, Zola, Maupassant, and many another.

Now the case of Browning was peculiar. By temperament he was thoroughly in sympathy with his age. No "ivory tower," no palaces of art, no dim seclusion, no empty niceties of rhythmical cleverness for him. Balzac, the first and perhaps the profoundest of the great French vivisectioners, is the novelist he prizes and admires.

"'For I,' so I spoke, 'am a poet.

Human nature, behoves that I know it.'"

Even here we do not get Browning's own utterance, for the intensity of his reaction against romantic personalism, bitter as Flaubert's or Zola's, was so great that he would not make his studies of other men and women in his own words, but preferred the monologue form and the dramatic expression of some imagined interpreter.

But it needs no direct utterance of the poet, no explicit statement of æsthetic creed or dogma, to show us where Browning's interest lay, and to what end his literary efforts were directed. The study of the human soul, of every human soul, its life, its motives, its conscious purposes, hopes, desires, triumphs, pitiful failures and despairs, this was the aim of his art from beginning to end. Nice arrangement, artistic perfection of design, were

well in their way. Classic adjustment of all things to a perfect harmony of loveliness was beautiful, admirable. But the vast, sudden modern consciousness of soul secrets left no time for such delicate æsthetics,—

“To become now self-acquainted  
And paint man, man, whatever the issue!  
Make new hopes shine through the flesh they fray,  
New fears aggrandize the rags and tatters:  
To bring the invisible full into play,  
Let the visible go to the dogs—what matters?”

And so Browning's work remains a vast gallery of portraits, all done, in one way and another, from the life, and hence warm with the breath of humanity. Lovers, not mere lovers, blending their love with art and patriotism and spiritual striving. Men of the world, Blougram or Sludge, not all men of the world, tempering their worldliness with the regret, or at least the pretence, of something higher, as humanity does. Saints not all saintliness, as humanity is not. Sinners not all sin. Artists studied not in their art, but in their humanity. Heroes in the rapture, the panting ecstasy of heroic action. Above all, women, since the richer, varied life of modern woman is the newest and most splendid field for artists' tillage. If Balzac was in any way Browning's master, it was in regard to women that Balzac could teach him most. And the author of “Any Wife to Any Husband” and “James Lee's Wife” and many and many a similar study had profited by teaching, whether Balzac's or nature's.

So far Browning was altogether of his age, its child, its prophet. Fact, bare spiritual fact, was the object of his art, the delight of his contemplation, as much as it was of Flaubert's or George Eliot's, as much as it was of Darwin's. But for these writers the natural medium of expression for fact was prose. Poetry was a strange language, an artificial utterance, barbarous or childish even when magnificent. It was too uncouth, too subtly formal, too elaborate, for a mind bubbling over with thought, with observation, with the new, large riches of psychological discovery. For such, form must be simple, rapid, splendid, if you like, but not with a splendor to distract the reader for one moment from the essential matter which was crowded upon his attention.

It was here that Browning parted from his fellows. Poetry

was the language of the gods, had been the language of the great gods of art for centuries. How could art relinquish it, consent to falter in plain prose and abandon all that luxury, that splendor of rhythmic glory, which had held the listening world so long? It could not relinquish it. It must not relinquish it. If the age hungered for prose, it must be taught better, must be taught that its deepest needs, its widest discoveries could find their utterance more perfectly, more divinely, in verse than in any prose. It was this task that Browning set himself, how consciously of course we do not know, a Titanic labor, to bend the genius of a whole epoch and make it grow, not as it would, but as it ought.

This splendid struggle against the current of his age, this recognition of poetry as the highest possible, the eternal medium of expression, and determination to make use of it in uttering precisely those tendencies of the age which were most anti-poetic, is Browning's peculiar distinction and entitles him, far more than his actual achievement, to admiration and sympathy. The effort to be the poet of an age of prose marks his strength, but it also marks his weakness. If he had been a lesser man, he would have been content to develop the traditions of romanticism, like Gautier, like Swinburne, shutting his eyes to the throbbing reality of the world around him. If he had been greater, he would have accepted the conditions of the time, thought of fact only, of life only, and not have wasted his powers on the management of a medium which was rebellious to his purpose and repellent to those who should have been his most attentive audience. The greatest man is he who, like Shakespeare or Dante, is perfectly the child of his age. He may rise above it and dominate it, he may, he must have the faculty of giving it artistic interpretation *sub specie æternitatis*; but he must be wholly in sympathy with it, its defects and weaknesses as well as its grandeur. Matter and form both must be intimately his. Only so will posterity, from its altered point of view, turn back to him as being a real, a genuine expression of humanity.

And if we look a little deeper into Browning we shall begin to suspect that his perversity in the choice of form covers a greater inadequacy in matter than we might at first suppose. That he loved the moving spectacle of life, that he was intensely interested in the subtle, psychological analysis of passion and

character, no one can deny. But that he was always very original, very profound in carrying out this analysis, is much more open to question. If he had been clear, direct and simple, it would have been easier to judge. And conversely one is inclined to suspect that if he had had deep things to say, he would have said them simply. It so often happens so. Can it be possible that the poetic medium served his purpose, after all, where prose would have betrayed him? Certain it is that the cloudy obscurity of "*Sordello*" and many other of the monologues, when probed too deeply, often yields a shallow commonplace. And it is curious to note that in drama, which enforced a simpler handling of characters and a clearer mode of expression, the shallowness and the commonplace are very much more obvious. It may be, therefore, that art, like nature, adapts itself, and that if Browning had been really capable of uttering fully the spirit of his age he would have—uttered it. But at least the glory of his attempt should never be forgotten.

Now, if we turn to Sainte-Beuve, we find the attempt—and the achievement. We see a man working absolutely and easily in the life of his age, as if he were born to it, accepting its aims and ideals, not with struggle, but with joy, individual, independent, but with an individuality, an independence, largely adjusted to the movement of the time, not contradicting it, fulfilling it. Sainte-Beuve, like Browning, began as a poet. But he early found that his real work lay in another direction, and he soon turned thither, though never failing to recognize quite as clearly as Browning that poetry must be the highest utterance of all. He himself says, far too modestly, that his aspiration was "to write agreeable things and to read great things." Agreeable or not, in the forty volumes of "*Lundis*" and "*Portraits*" he has left one of the noblest monuments of an age and of a life that the world has ever seen.

It is customary to speak of Sainte-Beuve as if he were chiefly, almost as if he were only, a literary critic. Arnold and Mr. Saintsbury, who have both written of him excellently, take no other view. Professor Harper, in his interesting monograph, has a few hints suggesting a different attitude, but in the main his standpoint also is literary. This is far from adequate, as we shall see later. There is no doubt, however, that merely as a literary critic Sainte-Beuve's position is very high. The breadth,

the justice, the moderation, with which he judges the great French authors is as admirable as in a French critic it is rare, and is all the more notable because his knowledge of other modern literatures is far from extensive. The reserve, the restraint of his manner, his constant dread of exaggeration and rhetoric make him less fertile in brief, brilliant, illuminating characterizations than some other writers of much less originality and power. Yet if one reads him carefully one finds many touches that are not only significant, but enduring. "When Voltaire is right, nobody is right with so much ease and so much grace." "Up to that time it had been quite indifferent to French writers whether they had green before their eyes or not. It fell to Rousseau to put *green* into our literature." Then, too, in age, as in youth, Sainte-Beuve loved literature, cherished the beautiful worship which Erasmus expressed so concisely and untranslatably when he called himself *mystes litterarum religiosissimus*. Apologizing in later years for discussing many things which were not literature, the French critic says: "I do not often speak of poetry, precisely because I have loved it so much and because I still love it more than anything else. I am afraid of having to speak ill of it, or, at any rate, of not being able to speak as well of it as I could wish." For the English reader, perhaps for any reader, the most suggestive, the most beautiful part of Sainte-Beuve's purely literary criticism is the too few essays on the classical poets, Terence, Meleager, Apollonius, the Anthology, above all, Theocritus. This last is unsurpassable for depth and delicacy of poetical sympathy, for grace of imaginative suggestion, for perfect comprehension and fineness and justness of critical tact.

Yet merely as a literary critic it is doubtful whether Sainte-Beuve could maintain permanently his high reputation or continue to stand so much above and apart from all other critics as it is usual to place him. Few can match his volume of work. But Scherer distinctly surpasses him in intellectual clear-sightedness and broad grasp, Arnold has greater spiritual intensity, Anatole France and Jules Lemaître have a finer sensibility, much more grace and charm of expression, and humor. Then Sainte-Beuve's literary judgment has certain serious limitations. His imperfect acquaintance with other literatures than his own I have already referred to. But even on French subjects he is not really satisfactory outside of the sixteenth, seventeenth

and eighteenth centuries. "Every mind," he says, "has, so to speak, its natural sphere; mine was rather that of the civilized, cultivated epochs, like the classical ages and the Renaissance. It is only by constraint that I have been able to work back further and make my way into regions that seemed barbarous and harsh." In other words, he did not feel the peculiar charm of the Middle Ages, very real, however it may have been exaggerated. "Tell me it is curious as much as you like," he writes of the vast literature of the Mysteries, "but that it is beautiful—no." And on nineteenth-century authors he is equally unprofitable for a different reason: of all the great and successful ones he was pitifully jealous. "When one is young and beginning life one touches the great living writers by their excellences; when one grows older, one is keenly aware of their defects." Not "one," but "I, C. A. Sainte-Beuve," he should have said. "Sainte-Beuve is eager to write a book on Madame de Staël, with viper notes, like his Chateaubriand," say the De Goncourts. And his bitterness toward these two is no more marked than towards Musset or Hugo or Lamartine or Béranger. Even where his judgment is rational and in the main satisfying, as with Balzac, there are little corners and twists of personal spite which must exasperate the most sympathetic and admiring reader.

Moreover, to speak of Sainte-Beuve as a literary critic only is to prejudice some persons who entertain the idea that criticism—that is, books written about books—is, after all, a very secondary matter and may well be postponed till one has read all the great subjects of critical discussion. This view is quite erroneous. The function of the literary critic is not to chat with us about what we have read, but to teach us to read, to give us the critic's own enthusiasm, make us see what he sees, feel what he feels, in matter that would otherwise be dead to our unawakened apprehension. The critic does for books exactly what Thoreau and Burroughs and Torrey and so many other deservedly popular writers do for nature—that is, gives us his eyes to see with or teaches us to use our own. Nevertheless, to the general reader criticism is and will probably remain a secondary and rather unprofitable affair.

For these reasons it is important to insist on what has been so often and so strangely overlooked, that Sainte-Beuve is not exclusively or even primarily a literary critic at all. He himself

has given us the clew to the greater part of his work, to his main effort, in the pregnant sentence, "I botanize, I herborize, I am a naturalist of souls." Is not this the note of the age, the secret of Browning's struggle, of all his long, bitter endeavor? A naturalist of souls. Is not this the true cry of the contemporary of Darwin, to explore, to classify, to botanize, to herborize, to roam up and down the wide soul garden, probing, dissecting, watching with curious and sympathetic eye all human hopes and desires and passions and the fruits of them? This is what Sainte-Beuve did for forty years, quietly, curiously, absolutely simply, with none of Browning's display or formal rhetoric; and it is most extraordinary that he should have been misunderstood and discussed and treated as a mere judge and historian of literature. The explanation is not difficult to find, however. In the first place, literature was the necessary means to the end. Souls must largely be studied in books and papers and documents. The study of spiritual facts is often very intimately involved with the study of the expression of those facts, which is literature. This naturally led to confusion. And in the second place, Sainte-Beuve—it is one of his great merits—disliked and avoided generalization. In all his sixty volumes he rarely tries to get clear with himself about the principles of his work, and when he does he is unsuccessful, obscure and incomplete. He had the true, the essential mark of the scientific spirit, the love of observation for itself. The mere contemplation of fact, the delight of watching it unfold, develop, evolve, according to its natural laws, was enough. If these laws came of themselves to definite formulation, well and good; but formulæ were dangerous things, ensnaring, to be avoided, certainly not to be sought for. They were most of all dangerous to the naturalist of souls. In this quiet, patient temper, this perfect openness and receptiveness, Sainte-Beuve comes nearer than almost any one else but Darwin to the scientific ideal, and with Darwin he is one of the most representative minds of the nineteenth century.

Yet, although Sainte-Beuve seldom attempts any elaborate exposition of his mental attitude, it would seem as if no one could read him at all widely without becoming aware of it. Even in studies of distinctly literary figures, he is less often the critic than the moralist and psychologist. In his articles on Gibbon, for instance, there are perhaps two or three pages of direct dis-

cussion of the great history. The remainder is an analysis of the temperament and character of the man. "Is it criticism that I write in sketching these portraits?" we read in "Portraits de Femmes." "I doubt it. Criticism, in the exact sense of the word, often enters into them in only a very secondary manner." Again in the article on Chateaubriand (Nouveaux Lundis III), perhaps, on the whole, the most satisfactory statement of method and aims that Sainte-Beuve has left us, he says: "To be in literary history and in criticism a disciple of Bacon appears to me the great need of the age." But the force of the general impression can hardly be conveyed by detached illustrations. It grows and grows as we find our author constantly on the watch for psychological revelations, keenly alive to subtle modes of thought and emotion, gloating over documents which are perhaps of no importance as literature, but are intensely significant for the history of a human soul. "The inestimable value of the letters of Mademoiselle de Lespinasse," he says, "is that we find in them what we do not find in novels. They give us pure drama in its natural shape, as it reveals itself rarely in a few gifted beings. *The surface of life is rent all at once and we read bare soul.*"

It is as a reader of bare soul, then, that Sainte-Beuve is really great, really original. Of course others have been doing the same thing since the beginning of the world, all historians and all biographers, in their way and measure. Sainte-Beuve's originality consists in his immense variety and the richness which that very variety brings by the comparison of soul with soul, and in his thoroughly scientific attitude, his patience, his infinite, subtle comprehension and sympathy, above all, in his desire to present his subject simply and sincerely, with no thought of rhetorical impression or effect. In this regard it is most instructive to contrast him with Macaulay. Macaulay, too, sketched portraits, left a vast gallery of English figures, as Sainte-Beuve did of French. But we have seen that Sainte-Beuve was a "naturalist of souls." Well, Macaulay was a showman of souls. There is the difference. This comparison of Macaulay and Sainte-Beuve has always seemed to me peculiarly profitable, and recently I was delighted to find it emphasized by Sainte-Beuve himself. Writing of some historical personage, he says: "People have given him a little more physiognomy than he really had, perhaps,

following the dangerous advice of Lord Macaulay, which is very popular at present: 'The best portraits,' says that great historical painter, 'are those in which there is a slight admixture of exaggeration. Something is lost for accuracy, but much is gained for effect.' The showman of souls, is it not?

The reader who likes accuracy better than effect, who loves the study of souls bare, souls simple, and thinks such study one of the most profitable things in the world, will find Sainte-Beuve's endless volumes an inexhaustible resource. They contain many detached psychological observations as subtle as they are perfectly expressed. But it is not the detached observations; it is the complete portraits of human beings that count. As in Browning, so here, we find all sorts and classes, but without Browning's effort and torture and restlessness, quieter—and deeper. Here are kings and queens and historical personages, Louis XIV seen clearly as a great monarch and a little man; Napoleon judged humanly in his grandeur and in his downfall; Frederick, who, "with a relative sentiment of justice and even of kindness, absolutely lacked the ideal." Here are literary men and artists, studied, like Browning's, not as artists, but as men. Here are quiet people, living thoughtful lives apart, utterly unknown to the general reader, yet furnishing sometimes the most interesting portraits of all, like Huet and Boissonade. Here are sinners, with their sin neither forgotten nor condoned, yet viewed with the large tolerance of one who understands that sin is too possible for all. Here are saints drawn not only with tender reverence, but with the deepest sympathy, the most enthusiastic comprehension of their mystical devotion. And as we have seen that the highest of Browning's effort was his varied portrayal of the hearts of women, so with Sainte-Beuve, the best, the richest of his work is perhaps the long series of studies of the women of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, La Grande Mademoiselle, Madame des Ursins, Madame de Maintenon, Madame du Deffand, Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, Madame Geoffrin—the list is well-nigh endless. Above all, these portraits of women illustrate the point of my argument, for hardly one of them can be called in any proper sense literary criticism at all. They are specimens exquisitely preserved in the herbarium, to use Sainte-Beuve's own phrase, of a naturalist of souls.

And now, what if we apply Sainte-Beuve's method to his own

character and try to make some such analysis of him as he makes of others? The task is as difficult as with Browning, for an opposite reason. Browning tries to tell us nothing of himself, Sainte-Beuve tells us too much, shows us such a vast and many-sided sympathy that it is difficult to say what is and what is not the real man. Yet one question we can deal with clearly and simply, does this wide study of human life, this close, scientific analysis of souls, bring him joy, delight, a full contentment in his work? And our answer is immediately, no. The records of his conversation in the *Journal of the De Goncourts*, though possibly prejudiced, would go a long way to prove the point, but Sainte-Beuve's own printed words are surer and more than sufficient testimony. It is not only his general scepticism, which appears again and again—"I begin to doubt once more, doubting being my strong point"—it is his overwhelming melancholy, the cruel, black ennui which seems to load his soul with an increasing burden of despair. "I have arrived at a point of absolute indifference. All that counts is that I should do something in the morning and go somewhere at night." "Why do I no longer care for nature, for the country? Why have I no longer any pleasure in threading little green paths? I know that the paths are the same, but there is nothing any more on the other side of the hedge. In old times more often there was nothing, but there *might* be something." "Ripen! Ripen! One hardens in some places, one rots in others, one ripens never!"

Must we assume, then, that joy, the natural, tranquil sunshine of Shakespeare and Chaucer, is inconsistent with the scientific spirit and attitude? Let us hope not. The sadness of Sainte-Beuve, at any rate, may be accounted for by a simpler explanation. "Like Solomon and Epicurus," he tells us, "I have arrived at wisdom through pleasure. That is better than getting there painfully by logic, like Spinoza and Hegel." A more primrose path perhaps, but full of pitfalls and byways, leading to disillusion and satiety and spiritual death. The sordid irregularities of Sainte-Beuve's celibate career had much more to do with his melancholy than had the scientific spirit, and the striking remark which he quotes from Madame Lambert finds its aptest application to himself: "*Il semble que l'âme du voluptueux lui soit à charge.*"

On the other hand, Browning managed to combine, at least

in theory, a rugged and energetic optimism with his soul study. And if any one feels that Browning's theory was better than his practice the case of Darwin would be sufficient to show that the scientific spirit can bring joy in fullest measure. Here is a man giving his life to observation, to the study of fact, and giving it with the richest contentment, because he gives it with love. "There is always profit in loving," says Sainte-Beuve himself. Nevertheless, it is the deplorable lack of love that spoils all his study of the nineteenth century. "Everything palls," he tells us again, "except the pleasure of understanding." But mere understanding, without love, is pale and stale and wearisome. With love the naturalist of souls must find inexhaustible delight. What a field is his compared to that of the other naturalist! Instead of species, the infinite diversity of individuals. Instead of the remote affinity of animals and plants, the study of his nearest kin, the study of himself; for is not every human passion and pain and ecstasy and misery yours and mine?

Well, we stand on the threshold of a new century. What will be its key-note, as against convention in the eighteenth century and in the nineteenth, nature? It is hazardous, indeed, to guess, but would not a possible suggestion be authority? The nineteenth century was, above all, an age of knowing, and by the wonderful irony of fate it ended logically with an enormous and universal ignorance, even formulating that ignorance in a definite philosophy, agnosticism. The twentieth is bound to cut the knot by doing, and, oddly enough, it starts with a philosophy of its own, pragmatism, which philologically means doing and theoretically seems to preach just that authority I have suggested above.

But, in any case, the profound Hegelian doctrine, to which I alluded in beginning, teaches us that the new age, even when it involves reaction, must gather into itself the important elements of the age preceding. The splendid effort of the nineteenth century, its struggle for knowledge, its vast investigation of nature, cannot be lost, above all, its tranquil, tolerant, patient scientific spirit. And I believe that, as the years go on, the world will find the manifestation of that spirit quite as much in the "Lundis" of Sainte-Beuve as in "The Origin of Species" and "The Descent of Man."

GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.